THE

MEMOIRS OF DICKY,

A YELLOW CANARY.

SOLD FOR

THE DISTRESSED IRISH.

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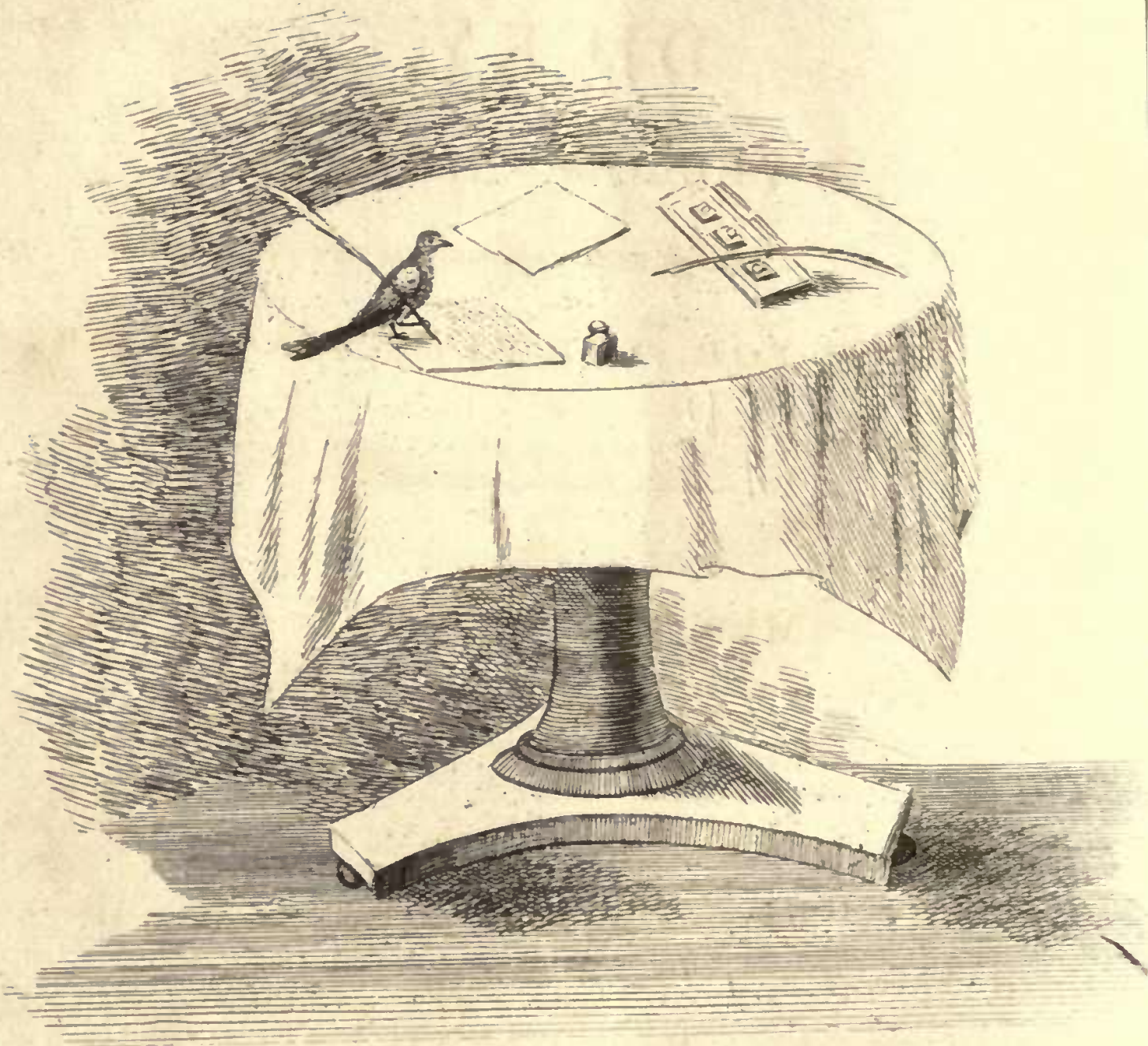

Mrs Campbell's with the Author's respectful Compliments. July 29th

MEMOIRS

OF

DICKY,

A YELLOW CANARY;

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF IN BEHALF OF,

AND SOLD FOR, THE FAMISHING IRISH.

EDITED BY HIS FRIEND

MRS. MARY GREY.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' HALL COURT;

AND SPINK, LEEDS.

MDCCCXXXI.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

DEDICATION.

TO GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

To young friends of the Irish, my Memoirs I send,
And hope that my efforts they'll kindly befriend;
I own that Canaries in gen'ral can't write,
But the good cause of Ireland inspires me quite:
And tho' not very old, I have seen a great deal,
And for poor starving creatures can sensibly feel,
For people who only have nettles to eat,
And who think a potatoe a very great treat.
So now I must ask little girls and good boys,
Not to spend all their money in trifles and toys,
But rather bestow a few shillings on me,
Who, on the first page, busy writing they'll see.
You always have plenty to eat and to drink,
And on famishing Irish perhaps you will think,

When you sit down to dinner, to a good joint of meat,
And remember that others have nothing to eat;
That poor little children are starving each day,
For want of such food as you'd throw away.
Then BUY ME, instead of a doll, or a whip,
A hoop, or a top, a gun, or a ship;
For I'm sure you will say, when you've read me all through,
That my Memoirs are pretty, amusing and new:
And besides that your money is much better spent,
On books, whose whole proceeds to Ireland are sent.
And a friend to the Irish, a Scarlet Geranium,
Has also been seeking in its pericranium,
To find some events to put in a book,
That Ireland may have some potatoes to cook.
So BUY US, PRAY BUY US, I beg and implore,
That this poor starving people may famish no more;
And I hope and I trust that in such a good cause,
The *Memoirs* of *Dicky* will gain some applause.

MEMOIRS
OF
A CANARY.

My life, though not a very long one, has still had some events in it, which I flatter myself may be found amusing to some of my young friends: I will therefore perch myself upon the silver inkstand, and with my dear mistress's gold pen, and a sheet of beautiful green paper, endeavour, for the amusement of good little children, to trace the principal events of my life.

When I first opened my eyes, I found myself in a nest with three little brothers, who were born the same day with me. I very well remember opening my beak, for I felt a very strange sensation, (which I have since learned is called hunger) and even now fancy I see my dear mother hastening from the bottom of the cage in which the nest was placed, to give me some food; after which I turned round and tried to go to sleep, but it was so cold, I did nothing but shiver; my mother, however, soon came to us, and spreading out her wings, covered us over, and made

us quite warm and comfortable. The next day I felt so strong, that I ventured to peep over the side of our nest, which was made of moss, and nicely lined with cotton; and then I turned to my brothers, who were lying fast asleep, when suddenly our father came and awoke them, to give us all our breakfast. Five or six days passed on in this manner. At length, tired of the confinement of the nest, I crawled to the edge of it, quite longing to get down to where I saw my mother washing her beautiful yellow feathers in a white dish of clear water: but the distance seemed far too great for my little wings, which were still young and weak, so I opened my beak and made a sort of little twitter to attract her attention. On hearing my voice she immediately flew up to me, and I begged her to let me try to leave the nest; but she was very much afraid, and said I should break my neck. My father, however, who overheard our discourse, laughed at her fears, and bidding me take courage and spread my wings, I obeyed, and to my great delight soon found myself perched in safety by his side. I was quite astonished at my own cleverness, in having been able to fly so far; and after I had recovered from a sort of giddy sensation that I felt in my head, I looked around to see every thing that

was passing, when suddenly I perceived through the bars of my cage two large grey bright moving things, gazing earnestly at me. Oh! my dear little readers, how shall I express to you my affright when I first discovered this object. I immediately crouched quite close to my father, who was sitting half asleep upon a low perch, and giving him a peck with my bill, was just going to beg him to defend me, when a large cavity opened below the two great things, and from it issued forth a most frightful noise. I was so terrified that I instantly fell down into the cup of water, placed for us to drink! A scream recalled me to myself, and a kind hand was extended to save me from a watery grave; for my parents I am sure would never have had strength to pull me out of the cup, which was very deep, and the sides very slippery. Well, my dear readers, the hand took me very gently out of the cage, (for I was far too much frightened, and too weak to make any resistance) and carried me to a large blazing thing which was very red and hot, and which I have since learned is called a fire. Before it I was held for some moments, and was then carefully replaced by the side of my father, who delighted to see me return, instantly fetched me some food; but I would not eat until he had explained

to me the meaning of all the horrible things I had seen, which he did most satisfactorily, by saying the object of my terror was little Jane, the daughter of our master, and that she was the most amiable little girl that he had ever known. On hearing this I felt excessively ashamed of myself, and determined never again to be so frightened without a good cause for it; a resolution which I have ever kept through life. Well, my dear little readers, Jane soon came to pay us another visit, and this time I thought she looked quite pretty; so much were my feelings changed by what my father had told me of her. She too seemed quite delighted to see me so well, for I had arranged all my feathers, and though still shivering a little from the effects of the cold bath, was certainly not the worse for it. I even ventured to follow my mother to the side of the cage where my little mistress was standing, at which mark of my confidence she was so much pleased that she instantly called out, "Father, Father, do come and look at pretty Dicky, he is so tame!" Farmer Dobson immediately arose from his large arm chair, and came towards us; but Oh! how frightened I was at his approach. He was a very tall man, with a large red face, a quantity of hair over both cheeks, two great

shining things over his eyes, and a very long stick, like one of our perches in his mouth, from which issued a quantity of smoke. I thought the very sight of him so shocking, that I was on the point of running away, when all my good resolutions about never being afraid came into my head, and, determined to be very courageous, I raised my head and approached Jane, who looked at me so kindly, that I was quite delighted, and longed to tell her that I no longer feared her; and the farmer having staid admiring us for a few minutes longer, went away, and I saw him reseat himself in his arm chair, with a small round table by his side, on which my father informed me stood a jug of ale.

I was so much amused by looking at every thing that passed in the kitchen, that I was quite sorry when it was time to go to bed. But here a terrible difficulty arose. I had contrived to reach the bottom of the cage half flying,—half falling, but to regain the nest was quite impossible. In vain I spread out my little wings, and flapped them in imitation of my father; I could not rise from the ground; and after various ineffectual trials, I was obliged to resign myself to my hard fate, and make up my mind to sleep at the bottom of the cage on the cold sand. I cannot

tell you what a miserable night I passed; shivering with cold, I sat reflecting on my deplorable situation; for it was quite impossible for me to sleep, accustomed as I had been to a nice warm nest, lined with soft cotton, and my dear mother's wings to cover me. For want of better employment, I looked at all that was passing in the kitchen, and must own I was not a little amused by my contemplations. There were old farmer Dobson smoking as usual, the good old dame, his wife, diligently employed in knitting a stocking, and little Jane reading aloud; while Mrs. Pussey sat purring in a corner by the fire, and old Tray sleeping quietly by his master's side. I have passed through many and various scenes during my eventful life, but I never remember having seen such a picture of content and happiness as was here displayed: the old father looking with affectionate fondness through his great ugly spectacles at his daughter, who certainly was the best tempered, most obliging little girl I ever saw; and the good woman's wrinkled countenance, peeping from under her nice clean mob cap, as she alternately turned her eyes upon her child, and upon her knitting, quite charmed me; and I cannot tell you how sorry I felt when Dame Dobson bade little Jane shut her book, saying

it was bed time. However reluctantly, the good child immediately rose, and kissing her father and mother, put her book into a nice paper case, shut it up in a drawer, and then went to bed. You cannot think how delighted I was with this ready obedience on the part of my little friend; and if there are any little boys and girls who sometimes feel disposed to disobey mamma's or nurse's desire, that they should go to bed, I trust they will remember the farmer's daughter, and imitate her good example.

Soon after Jane's departure, the farmer and his wife also left the kitchen, having first poked out the fire, which was a great sorrow to me, who was left all alone in the dark, with nothing to amuse me but the ticking of a clock, which I at length listened to with pleasure, though I own at first it frightened me not a little by the loud noise it made, which was still more perceptible in the silence of night. Having passed several hours in this melancholy way, sleep at length closed my eyes, and I soon forgot little Jane, the clock, the cold, and even farmer Dobson's red face, thick whiskers, and frightful spectacles.

Very early in the morning I was awoke by a very strange noise, which seemed to proceed from outside

the door, and which my father afterwards told me was the cock crowing, to announce the return of day. To own the truth, I was very sleepy, and would willingly have enjoyed a little more repose, but I was resolved not to give way to such idleness, when I saw the sun peeping in at the cottage window, and little Jane busily employed lighting the kitchen fire, and preparing her parents' breakfast. Soon after this good child had put every thing tidy, her father and mother came in and sat down to their morning's repast of beautiful thick milk and brown bread. When they had finished, farmer Dobson called Tray and went out to his work; Jane put on her bonnet, and taking up her nice little wicker basket, set off to go to school, while the dame sat turning round a large wheel with one foot, and twisting hemp into thread with her two hands. This, I have since learned, is called spinning; and what a curious, and at the same time useful occupation it is; thousands and thousands of poor old people are maintained by it in England, as I afterwards found from a conversation between Jane and her mother. Seeing that the dame continued spinning very industriously, I went to get some breakfast, and then my mother bade me go and wash myself in the cup of water I had fallen

into the preceding day. At first I was very much afraid, and would hardly wet my beak for fear of being drowned; but my mother only laughed at my fears, and telling me that cleanliness is a thing of the very greatest consequence in birds, as well as in little boys and girls, she fearlessly jumped into the cup, and threw all the water about in such a way, that finding she wished me to follow her, and not willing to give an example of disobedience to my brothers who were watching me from the edge of the nest, I too hopped into the very middle of our bath, and very refreshing it was I can assure you. How could I have been so foolish as to be afraid of the water the day before? It certainly was very silly of me, and I will never be such a coward again. After I had washed myself very well, my mother shewed me how to arrange all my feathers, and make them look smooth and elegant. This operation took up some time, so that when again I had leisure to look around, I saw Jane preparing the dinner. She was so busy you cannot think, laying the table cloth and getting every thing ready for the return of her father.

The day passed in various meditations, till towards evening, my young mistress having finished all her business, came to our cage, and on opening the door,

my father and mother hopped out upon her finger; I also imitated their example and followed them, to Jane's great delight, who placed us all three upon the kitchen floor, and gave us some nice seeds, which she took out of a little box. I hopped about with great alacrity under all the tables and chairs, and even ventured to approach the spinning wheel, notwithstanding my mother's injunctions to the contrary, when, Oh! my little readers, had not Jane suddenly seized me, I should certainly have been crushed to death, and you would not have had the benefit of this little history. My mistress scolded me very much for my imprudence, and my father was exceedingly angry at my disobedience, which certainly was very great; but on my begging his pardon, and promising to behave better for the future, he forgave me.

You cannot think how unhappy this little incident made me: it was the first time I had incurred their displeasure, and I felt quite wretched at having committed such a crime.

We were soon after replaced in our cage by little Jane, who, having shut the door, sat down to her work; and feeling very sleepy, I followed my parents' good example, and shut my eyes. Fortunately this evening I did not feel the cold at all, and therefore

slept very comfortably until morning, when my brothers left the nest and joined me at the bottom of the cage. Their society was a great delight to me; and I explained to them all the wonderful things we saw passing in the kitchen, and related to them my adventures of the day before, which I can assure you made them laugh exceedingly.

Several days passed on in the same manner, and we young ones grew in size and beauty, but I was universally allowed to be the finest bird, and my feathers of a brighter yellow than either of my brothers'. Do you know, my little readers, I was quite vain of the praises bestowed upon me by little Jane; and I am sorry to say that vanity blinded me so completely to all my imperfections, that I grew so ill-natured to my brothers, it was quite dreadful. I used to peck them very severely if they did not instantly get out of the way and make room for me to eat; and was always quarrelling with one or other of them. My parents were quite unhappy when they saw what a temper I had, and vainly tried to correct me: I would not listen to their admonitions, and every day grew more and more tyrannical. Oh! my little readers, I can hardly find words to tell you the dreadful misfortunes that happened to me in consequence of my

choleric temper; and I certainly never should have had courage to describe them, did I not hope that the relation of them might prove a warning to those children who unfortunately give way to their evil passions.

One day when I had been more naughty than usual, my father would not allow me to go out of the cage, and I was therefore obliged to stay by myself, while my brothers were amusing themselves by hopping about the kitchen. This punishment made me very unhappy, and for some time I behaved pretty well: one unfortunate morning, however, that my father and mother were sitting on little Jane's finger, eating some groundsel, one of my brothers, who with me was left in the cage, suddenly seized a seed that I was in the act of taking up in my beak. At this insult, my long repressed ill humour broke forth, and I was actually wicked enough to give my poor little brother (who was much smaller and weaker than myself) a severe peck upon the wing; he immediately uttered a cry of pain, and begged my pardon for the offence he had committed. But blinded by my rage, and thinking that as my father and mother were not there I should escape punishment, I flew at him with still more fury, and chased him several

times round the cage, till at length exhausted and wounded, he fell down without any signs of life. You may conceive my terror, when on approaching where he lay, with his eyes shut, and his wings extended, I found he would not answer to my voice. It was in vain that I entreated him to answer me; that I brought him seeds in my beak, and endeavoured to raise his drooping head; all my efforts were useless, and in an agony of grief I flew to the side of my cage, and began to scream as loud as I could, hoping by that means to attract the attention of little Jane. But alas! she was gone into another room with my father and mother, and though I screamed as loud as I could, she did not hear my voice. Ah! my little readers, only think of the agonies I then suffered as I sat by the side of my poor brother, and reflected that it was my rage and ill temper which had reduced him to this shocking state. How bitterly did I repent my evil passions, and what sorrow did I feel for having thus given way to them. My two other brothers, horror struck at what I had done, stood gazing on in silence, and every now and then approached the victim of my rage, who to my great delight at length opened his eyes, though, owing to a severe peck I had given him, on one of his wings he

could not move; but still it was a great comfort to me to know that he was not quite dead; and hopping up, I was just going to speak to him; when only think of my agony, as soon as he saw me he set up a dreadful scream, and, wounded as he was, contrived to scramble to the end of the cage the farthest from me. Alas! alas! what misery did I feel at that moment! to think that my brother should, ill and bleeding as he was, fly from me. Oh! it was too much for me to bear; and drooping my head, I awaited in the greatest state of agony, and at the same time of fear, the return of my parents. At length they came, and no sooner did they enter the cage than they immediately flew to my little brother, who at their approach raised his head, Jane seeing the cage strewed with feathers, and I, who generally came to welcome her approach, sitting sorrowfully in a corner, thought something must have happened; she therefore peeped into the far corner, and to her sorrow saw my poor brother in the state I have described. Uttering an exclamation of pity, she immediately took him up in her hand, and carried him with tears in her eyes to her mother, who rubbed his wing with something healing, and bound up his leg, which was very much hurt. This dear little girl

kept him for a very long time in her warm hand, trying to recover him; and I heard her sobbing very loud as she said to her mother she feared he would die. Oh! with what agony I listened to every word she uttered; and how I shuddered when she said he would perhaps die: I thought that if he did, I should never feel happy again, and I am quite sure I never should; but fortunately he recovered, though for several weeks he had to lie ill in the nest, and be fed by my mother, and myself, who never left his side, but by all the little endearments I could think of, endeavoured to amuse him and make him forget the pain he still suffered. The bits of biscuit and sugar that Jane bestowed upon me I always carried to him, till at length he no longer feared my presence, but on the contrary, always wished to have me with him. This dreadful effect of my rage and ungovernable temper, however, quite cured me, and I never gave way to those wicked passions again; for if I felt at all inclined to be in a rage, I always thought of my poor little brother, and the terrible state to which I had reduced him.

This change in my temper I soon found made me a greater favourite than ever, and little Jane was never happy when I was not with her; so that at

last I used to sleep on the back of a chair by her bedside, and awake her in the morning with my songs. Oh! how happy I then was, and how comfortably we all lived for some time. But alas! we were not doomed always to lead such peaceful lives in the retirement of Farmer Dobson's cottage: I, above all, was destined to see a great deal of the world, and to be separated from my beloved parents and brothers.

I had for some time remarked that the old farmer became daily more and more melancholy, and that after Jane was gone to bed, he and his wife would sit over the fire in deep conversation, the meaning of which, however, I could not understand. At length one day, as the old dame was spinning away very diligently, and I was eating bread out of Jane's hand, the farmer came in, and throwing himself into a chair, exclaimed "We are ruined." These three simple words seemed to have some very dreadful meaning; at least so I then imagined, for Dame Dobson started up, almost throwing down the spinning wheel in her hurry, and Jane setting me down upon the table, flew to her father, who sat with his face buried in his hands. She put her little arms round his neck, and intreated him to speak to her, After some moments, he raised his head, and Oh! how sorrowful

he looked! and in what a sad, melancholy voice he said, "Oh! my child, it is but too true we are beggars." Poor Dame Dobson! she sunk weeping into a chair at these words, and little Jane kissed her father's cheek, and bade him be comforted, "For," said she, "do not cry so dear mother, you know I am now old enough to work and to earn bread for us all." Sweet child, how I longed to be able to speak, in order to tell her how much I admired her; and what would I not have given to be able to have assisted her in her misfortunes.

When the farmer was a little recovered, he told his weeping wife that he had long feared they should be obliged to quit the farm, for the bad crops the year before had greatly impoverished him, but that he thought he should have been able to stay a little longer had not the new landlord been a very cruel man. Finding that my master could not immediately pay his rent, he ordered him to quit his farm in a month. Oh! my dear little readers, how shall I ever tell you the sorrow I and my parents felt on hearing these words, and witnessing the grief of this once happy family. Poor Jane! she did all she could to appear cheerful before her parents, but she would often take me out in her hand into a little arbour at the end of

the garden, and would weep for an hour together, while I vainly endeavoured by my caresses to soften her grief.

Little by little, all the things in the farmer's cottage were either removed or sold; and I thought poor Jane's heart would have broken, when, one morning she came up to our cage with a tall gruff-looking man, who I understood had come to buy us. Oh dear! Oh dear! what agonies I felt when I found my dear mistress was going to part with me, and that I was to be separated from the rest of my family; for the black sulky stranger said he would only buy me, as I was the finest bird and the handsomest. Alas! what would I not have given to have become a little ugly creature like my youngest brother, for then I should, in all probability, have not quitted Jane, to whose shoulder I flew, trying by every means in my power to express my horror at leaving her. She on her side seemed equally afflicted; and as she kissed me, her eyes streaming with tears,—"I never, never could have parted with my dear Dicky," she said, to the man, "had not my father's misfortunes obliged me to it. But you will be kind to him, will you not?" she added as the horrid stranger pulled out a long leather purse, from which he slowly took out five

shillings, which he presented to my little mistress, who, kissing me again, and sobbing violently, placed me, notwithstanding my struggles, in the great hand extended to receive me, and rushed out of the room.

Oh! my dear little readers, do you not pity my misfortune and misery, in being thus separated from all my dear friends, from Jane, and from my parents, without having even the time to bid them adieu.

My new master, not at all participating in my distress, quietly pulled a bright scarlet silk handkerchief out of his pocket, and putting me into it, cruelly tied up the four corners, in such a way, that unable to escape, I sat in darkness deploring my unhappy fate, and mourning for my lost friends. From the motion I felt in my prison, I found my master was walking very fast, and every now and then he stopped to talk to a friend, whom he met on the road; and in one of these conversations I nearly lost my life, for something came up and snuffing all round the handkerchief, I soon discovered by the noise it made, that it was a dog; and I do not doubt but that in one instant more I should have been eaten, had not my master suddenly perceived my danger and taken me up in his arms. After passing through a great many streets, which as I heard were full of carriages, we at length

arrived at my new abode; and my master letting me out of my prison, and placing me in a cage, I had time to look around me.

Judge of my surprise on finding myself in an immense room, in which were a great quantity of birds of every kind, in large cages. At first my head was so giddy, that I could hardly look around; but when I did, I was quite astonished to see all the different kinds of birds which were there collected together. I did not, however, after the first glance round my new prison, give a moment's thought to my fellow-captives; my mind was too much taken up with thinking of the dear friends whom I had lost, and whom perhaps I was never to see again, than to think of my new companions, who regarded me with much astonishment. Oh! how lonely did I feel, without a being to care any thing about me; and how often did I bitterly regret my parents, my dear brothers, little Jane and her mother. To have seen even the ugly spectacles of the farmer, would have been a comfort to me, as they at least would have been old acquaintances. But alas! my regrets were useless; and after passing some melancholy hours, I at length listened to the consolations of a large fat thrush, who occupied the adjoining cage. He was

exceedingly civil and kind to me, and seeing I was a perfect stranger, good-naturedly undertook to explain to me every thing that was passing.

In the different cages were birds of every description, from an eagle, with his beautiful brown feathers and glancing eye, to the many coloured Java sparrow. But they all looked very unhappy, and were not half so nice and clean as we used to be; besides the room was so dark, we could never see the light of the sun; and the noise of the carriages and carts in the street, (for Mr. Thrush informed me we were in London) was to me who had led such a quiet life, and been used only to the bleating of sheep and the cackling of the good dame's beautiful white geese, quite insupportable. My kind friend further informed me that we were now residing in the house of a great bird fancier, and that all my companions, myself and my informant, were for sale. I own that though my pride was a little wounded at hearing this, yet I was not sorry to find I had some hopes of being liberated from my prison, which every day became more and more disagreeable to me. I soon formed acquaintance with two or three of my fellow captives, particularly a Miss Poll Parrot, the most noisy young lady I ever saw; she used to talk incessantly,

and scream so dreadfully whenever she was at all offended, that we used sometimes to be almost deafened by the noise. And yet this passionate young lady was, when in good humour, a most delightful person, and her feathers were of the most beautiful green and red I ever saw.

Days passed on, and every morning somebody or other came to see us, and generally bought one or two of my companions, while I was passed by without even a look or a word. At length, when I had just begun to be very angry at the contempt thus shewn to my beauty, a lady came and stopped before my cage; she was so pretty, and looked so very good natured, that I was in hopes she was going to buy me; but alas! she passed on, and bought my friend the thrush. You cannot think how sorrowful I felt when he bade me adieu; for even Miss Poll Parrot was gone, so that I was quite lonely; when, to my great delight, a tall gentleman approached, and asked my price. "A guinea, sir," was the answer. "Oh! that is three times too much," cried the stranger, as he walked leisurely away. Conceive my feelings at this cruel speech, and my mortification was still more increased by seeing the young man very coolly give two guineas for a jackdaw, because he could

smoke a pipe, (like Farmer Dobson) and say many very impertinent things, which quite shocked me.

Several days passed away, and I was beginning to pine at the melancholy of my situation, when one morning, an old gentleman came into the room, saying he wanted to buy a Canary. Oh! how delighted I was, to hear this welcome intelligence; and I immediately began to sing in hope of attracting the old gentleman's attention.

He approached me, and having admired my plumage, asked my price; but when he heard my master demanded a guinea, he said it was far too much, and he would not give more than ten shillings! Only think, my little readers, how my pride was lessened by hearing these words; I looked down with great contempt upon the impertinent stranger, who had not even so high an opinion of my worth as my master, and I felt almost glad to think I was not to live with a person who said I was not worth a little ugly bit of yellow metal. But alas! I soon discovered, to my utter despair, that my master himself thought my price too high, and only asked so much in hopes of cheating some simple person who did not know what was generally given for us. But still he might have spared my feelings the agony of listening to this

conversation, which I never can forget; and when he put his hand into my cage to take me out, I tried to bite his fingers, but he only laughed at my puny efforts, and quietly placing me in a small wicker basket, gave me to the care of the stranger, who in exchange, laid down ten shillings. I was certainly very glad to leave my old master, for I considered that as my new one did not as yet, on so short an acquaintance, know any of my many talents, when he should have had opportunities to study my character, I hoped he would appreciate me at more than ten shillings; but I am grieved to say, I was not to live with this good man, but was intended as a present to his grandchild, a boy of ten years of age, the most naughty, ill-tempered, disagreeable child, I ever met with. He was so excessively over bearing that every thing which he could master was made the slave to his will and pleasure. I have seen him beat his poor little dog round and round the room for mere amusement, till the unfortunate animal, scarcely able to stand, would, in its own defence, turn upon him again; and one day it bit him so severely that he was very ill for a long time. For some days, however, after my arrival, my new master treated me so well that I grew quite fond of him, and would sit upon his

shoulder and sing to him for an hour together: at length his evil passions broke forth, and he tormented me in the most dreadful manner. He would tie a thread to my delicate leg, and letting me fly, draw me back with a sudden jirk, that I always thought must break my tender limb, and which caused me the greatest agony. Unfeeling little wretch! I am sure my dear readers you will agree with me in saying that he deserved almost any punishment for his cruelty, and as you will see, he did not escape; but as every child who is so cruel must expect, he received a just reward for his crimes towards a poor little unoffending bird, who could not defend itself against him. One day when his parents were both out, and he was in an unusually bad humour, because he was left behind as a punishment for some offence he had committed, tired of teasing his poor dog, he approached my cage; Oh! how I trembled when I saw him, and how my little heart beat as he opened my prison door! Different, far different were my sensations when dear little Jane came to pay me a visit: then I welcomed her with joy, but my new master I gazed at in trembling suspense, and shrunk from his grasp as I would have done from that of a cat. Oh! if children did but know how universally they make themselves

loved by kindness and sweetness of disposition, they would never give way to their headstrong passions, but on the contrary do all in their power to curb them: for though you may laugh at the idea of a simple Canary giving such grave advice, you may live to see the truth of it, and to feel, when too late, that little Dicky's counsels were not to be despised, but admired and followed.

My tormentor had no sooner seized me, than taking a piece of packthread—Oh! dreadful to relate! he tied it round my delicate wings, and going to the window, suspended me thus in the air. The agonies I then suffered I shall never forget: my whole weight hung upon my wings, and I felt as if they would be torn from my body every time the inhuman little wretch drew me up, then let me fall again to the extent of the string, laughing all the time at my struggles and torture. Oh! what would I not have given to have been with my old master, the bird fancier, in his dark melancholy room, or to have crept into any little hole or crevice to escape such cruelty; even the approach of the cat I should have welcomed with pleasure, for she at least would have ended my misery at once, and not made me linger so long in the excruciating agonies I was enduring. At length

rendered desperate by torture, I contrived to catch hold of the twig of a pear tree that grew against the house, and clung to it so fast, that the string having got entangled in the branches, the odious little Tommy could no longer pull me up to him. Enraged at this disappointment, he leaned out of the window, trying to catch me in his hand, saying at the same time that he would punish me for having escaped him; when, shocking to relate, this cruel boy lost his balance, fell from the window to the ground, and broke his leg! His screams soon brought all the servants to his assistance, who all eagerly inquired what had happened, and raised him from the ground, but he could not stand, and crying bitterly was carried into the house. Fortunately one of the maids also espied me, and taking me up very gently, carried me to my cage, in which she laid some soft cotton and placed me upon it. Half dead, my wings bleeding, and nearly stripped of their feathers, I lay for several hours unable to move, and really believe I should have died had not a kind young lady come into the room, and seeing my wretched state, taken me up, cage and all, and having obtained the permission of Tommy's mother to take me to nurse, she carried me home with her.

Dear good Ellen (for that was my mistress's name)

attended me with unceasing care. She herself bound up my wounds, and as I was too weak to move for several days, she fed me with a quill. Oh! how kind and attentive she was to me, and how I loved her; almost as much as little Jane.

I was placed in a new and more roomy cage on a little table in her own sitting room, where she generally spent her mornings in drawing, reading, and music. But none of these interesting employments ever made her forget me; her kind heart was ever open to sentiments of pity and compassion; and on my slightest cry she would leave her harp or her painting to assist a poor wounded bird, who without her must certainly have died. Under my dear mistress's kind cares, however, I rapidly recovered, and then tried to shew my gratitude to her for all her goodness in the best way I could. I would perch on the back of her chair and sing for an hour together, or try to imitate the airs I had heard her play.

In this happy mansion I soon recovered my good looks, and was, ere long, handsomer than I had ever been before; so I have often heard dear Ellen say, as she stroked down my feathers and fed me with a bit of sugar. When quite strong, I used to hop about the room, amusing myself by examining every thing

it contained; when one day, having jumped upon a table, to my great astonishment another canary suddenly appeared just opposite to me. Startled at this sight, I moved back; so did the stranger; I advanced, so did he; I bowed my head; he did likewise. Oh! how surprised I was when I saw this handsome bird imitate my every movement: at length, thinking to discover who he was, I darted forward, and fell down by the side of a large mirror; for, my dear readers, it was nothing but the reflection of my own self that had so much startled me. When I found what had been the object of my alarm, and that it was my own shadow that I had been gazing at, I was quite surprised to see how handsome I was, and Oh! my little readers, must I really own it, I grew so excessively vain of my bright yellow colour, my elegant shape, and my fine long tail, that forgetting it is good nature and a kind disposition which makes birds, as well as people, loved and admired, I passed half the day before the glass, arranging my plumage; quite deserting my kind mistress, who had taken such care of me, and nursed me through my long illness. So true is it, that the passion of vanity, when once it takes hold of the mind, absorbs almost every other feeling, and makes animals and little boys and girls

selfish, disagreeable, haughty, and bad tempered. But, alas! I was destined soon to feel that it is not beauty alone which causes us to be loved by our friends; for one morning my kind mistress entered the room with a cage in her hand, in which was a bird I had never seen before: it was larger than me, and of a dingy brown colour, not at all handsome or remarkable for any thing, except the brightness of his eye, which sparkled beautifully. My mistress, who seemed to admire the stranger very much, placed his cage by mine, at the same time saying she hoped we should be very good friends: but I looked with contempt on the dull plumage of the nightingale, (for I soon learned that was his name) and considered so ugly a bird quite below my notice. Perching therefore before my favourite mirror, and unheeding Ellen, who called me to her, I began as usual to arrange my feathers and to admire myself, strutting about, holding up my head, and every now and then casting scornful glances at my new neighbour, as much as to say, "See how much handsomer I am than you." But regardless of my folly and contempt, he did not pay me the least attention, which I can assure you mortified me not a little; and my anger became still greater when I saw Ellen take up his cage and place

it on the table close to her. I own I felt a slight pang of jealousy at this mark of preference for Mr. Nightingale; but I said to myself as I stretched out my gold-coloured tail, "She never can admire that brown animal half so much as me, so I will be contented to receive her caresses, without taking the trouble to deserve them by any good temper on my part." Alas! my vanity soon received its reward. My dear mistress, finding me so occupied with myself, and so unwilling to please her in any way, gave all her attention to Mr. Nightingale. I cannot tell you how jealous I was at this neglect, nor how I disliked my companion, although truth obliges me to own he was a most agreeable person; and though he had no beauty, made himself generally loved and admired by the sweetness of his temper, and his great kindness to every one: he had besides a most charming voice, and would sing for hours together.

These numerous good qualities raised him still higher in dear Ellen's estimation, and every caress she bestowed upon him increased my jealousy; so that at length I determined, on the first opportunity that should offer, to make my escape from a person who paid so little deference to my beauty. Full of my project, and thoughtless of what the consequences

might prove, I one day watched the maid open the window, and Oh! foolish Dicky that I was, spread my wings, and giving a hasty glance around, flew across the spacious garden, and alighted on a rose bush. Charmed at the new scenes that presented themselves to my view, I flapped my wings and sung with pleasure, then hopped upon the verdant lawn, which was smooth and beautiful as the carpet in Ellen's room. Oh! how delighted I was to find myself in such a charming place. The flowers smelled so sweet, the trees looked so green, and the sun shone so bright, that my vanity persuaded me all these beauties had appeared to welcome my first appearance in this scene of enchantment, I flew from rose to mignionette, amusing myself with every novelty; I soared to the top of a fine cedar tree, then descended to repose myself on a bank of moss; all the time chirping and twittering with pleasure, and rejoicing at Ellen's sorrow at having lost me.

Soon alas! how soon did I learn to repent of my folly. I had been hopping about for about two hours, when, as I was reposing upon the branch of a very large laurel, the sun to my great affright suddenly disappeared, and I heard a most tremendous noise; so loud that it almost terrified me out of my senses;

I tumbled down upon the grass, and before I had time to arise, another and another of the dreadful noises followed so rapidly that I almost thought the houses were tumbling down; meanwhile the rain began to fall very fast, and the darkness increased so much that I could not see. Terrified, cold, and dripping with rain, how bitterly did I now begin to repent my folly in leaving my dear mistress; and as the storm grew worse and worse, I almost thought I should die under the branches of the laurel; but fortunately when I was nearly drowned, the rain suddenly ceased, and the sun peeping from behind the clouds, I left my hiding place to dry myself in its beams. I had not long, however, enjoyed its warmth, when a bullfinch approached me with a most scornful air, and having walked all round me in a very impertinent manner, he desired me instantly to leave the garden. I, however, paid no attention to his orders, when suddenly I found myself surrounded by a multitude of sparrows, wrens, robin red breasts, and various other little birds, all talking to me as fast as they could, in their different languages. Finding that I quietly went on arranging my feathers, and that their eloquence was quite lost upon me, an impertinent little chaffinch gave me a peck upon the

back. This seemed to be the general signal for attack; all the birds rushed upon me, and I should certainly have been killed had it not been for the timely assistance of a thrush, who in flying by, saw my unhappy situation, and generously came to my assistance. At his approach my tormentors quitted me, not however until they had pulled a great many feathers out of my back and head. The thrush scolded these cruel birds very severely for their inhospitable treatment to a stranger, and coming up to me, bade me be comforted. Judge of my delight, when on turning my languid eyes towards my kind preserver, I discovered him to be my old friend and companion who had lived near me at the bird fancier's. Me he did not recognise, and indeed how could he? for one of my wings was bleeding, the feathers in my back were pulled out, and my beautiful tail was filled with earth and mud. On his remembering me, however, he expressed great sorrow at seeing me in such a state, and thinking I might feel hungry, went to find me a great worm, which he brought me in his beak. But alas! though half famished, being unused to such food, I could not eat it; and on my refusal, to my great surprise Mr. Thrush swallowed it at a mouthful! I was dread-

fully afraid he would choke, but he assured me he often eat insects larger than that. Seeing that I was shivering with cold as well as hunger, my kind friend bade me follow him to a place of safety; but alas! my wounded wing would not allow me to fly, and I was therefore obliged to hop after him, till at length we came to some gooseberries, of which I made a very good repast; and as night drew on, and I had wandered so far from home that I could not find my way back again, I climbed with difficulty into the branch of a birch tree; but the wind agitated it so violently, that, unaccustomed to be danced about, and unable to sleep, I crept down and perched upon a laurel.

For some time I sat reflecting upon my melancholy situation, and bitterly reproaching myself for having deserted my kind mistress, and given way to my jealous feelings. Full of these thoughts I at last fell asleep, when, Oh! my young readers judge of my horror, I was awoke out of a most delightful dream, in which I fancied myself perched on farmer Dobson's spectacles, singing to Jane, who, dressed in her sunday gown, was spinning very industriously; by my tail being seized upon by a cat. Oh! only think of my affright, when I felt her grasp me. I struggled, I

screamed, but in vain, the ruthless animal still held my poor tail; and at length, when with the greatest difficulty I had escaped her clutches, the horrid cat still retained in her greedy jaws that beautiful ornament of which I had been so proud! This was indeed a climax to my miseries; and it was with the greatest difficulty I had strength to get high enough up the tree to escape being devoured. Oh! the bitter tears of repentance that I shed over my misfortunes, and the agonies I felt as I heard the horrible cat making a dreadful mewing under the tree in which I was. I trembled so dreadfully, that every moment I thought I should drop down and be devoured; fortunately, however, my enemy, after snuffing about for a very long time departed, leaving me more dead than alive. The sun soon burst forth, and when day was quite open, I ventured from my branch; but when I had reached the ground, I found myself so very weak and ill that I could hardly walk; one of my wings hung drooping by my side, and as I gazed upon my once beautiful tail, now covered with blood and strewed upon the ground, I wept with agony.

My kind friend the thrush was not long in coming to find me, and seeing I could hardly crawl, he good naturedly fetched me a branch of groundsel, which

he told me the gardener had just dug up: you cannot think how cool and refreshing I found this despised weed; and when I had drank a little water out of a neighbouring rose leaf, I felt so much revived, that I set to work to dress my few remaining feathers. But alas! the many wounds I had received gave me so much pain that I could not bear to arrange them properly; and the wet and cold I had suffered, brought on a sort of rheumatic disorder, by which I nearly lost the use of my legs. Overwhelmed by all these misfortunes, I could no longer listen to the comforting of my dear thrush, who with his usual kindness seeing me in such a dreadful state, begged I would try to get up into his nest, which was situated in a neigbouring holly; but my strength failed me before I had climbed up half way, and I tumbled down upon my back! "Alas!" I now said in a very languid voice, "my kind friend it is all over with me, and I deserve it for my vanity, my jealousy, and my disobedience. Your attentive cares cannot make me live, accustomed as I have been to all the comforts of a warm room and proper food. Oh! did my beloved Jane, my affectionate Ellen, whom I have treated so ungratefully, know the miserable state of their former favourite, they would I am sure shed a

tear of regret over the miseries of their once loved Dicky." So saying, I stretched myself out upon the gravel walk to await my final doom, with my eyes closed, and my wings extended. There I suppose I lay for several hours, for when I regained my recollection, to my very great astonishment, I found myself in a warm room, wrapped up in cotton, lying on the knee of a good-natured looking lady, who was pouring something down my throat by means of a quill, while a lovely child of about ten years of age, kneeled by her mother's side and eagerly watched me.

"He is alive! he opens his eyes!" were the first words I remember hearing this sweet little girl exclaim, at the same time clapping her hands with delight. "Hush, my dear Rosa," said her mother, "you will frighten poor Dicky; see he is too weak to move, you had better carry him to Mrs. Worthy, for I am obliged to go out; but she will nurse this poor little bird until he regains his strength." So saying, she put me into a little basket, and giving me to Rosa, with many charges to be careful not to let me fall, my new mistress took me down stairs to Mrs. Worthy, whom I discovered to be the housekeeper. "Oh! Worthy, Worthy!" exclaimed the little girl as the good old lady welcomed her entrance, I have

found such a treasure! a poor little Canary bird; but it is almost dead, only look how wretched, weak, and ugly it is. But mamma says you will nurse it for me, and then it will get well and handsome again.

"I will certainly try, Miss Rosa," replied Mrs. Worthy, putting on my old enemy, a pair of spectacles, the better to examine my wounds; "Oh! it is very, very much hurt. It has lost its tail, and I am very much afraid its wing is broken." "Oh!" exclaimed poor Rosa, bursting into tears at the bare idea of such a misfortune having happened to me, "but cannot you cure it?" "I will certainly endeavour to do so," replied her companion, and taking an immense bunch of keys from her pocket, she opened a large drawer, from whence she took some linen, with which she carefully bound up my wing, and then washed off all the blood and earth from the remainder of my feathers. Rosa looked on with great earnestness, and was quite enchanted, when, after all my wounds were dressed, I attempted to sit upon Mrs. Worthy's finger, and to shew my gratitude to her by chirping. At the sound of my feeble voice, my good little mistress jumped about the room with joy, at the same time congratulating herself upon her ready obedience to her mother's wishes: "For," said she, "I was very

busy making a new gown for the doll my aunt has just sent me, when mamma desired me to go and run round the garden; and, "dear Worthy," she continued, "do you know I did not wish to go at all, for I was much more amused by staying at home than by running about the pleasure grounds by myself; but fortunately just as I was going to hesitate, I remembered what you told me the other day—you remember that pretty little story of children, who always obeyed their parents' wishes; so I instantly jumped up, put away my work, and leaving my pretty doll, went into the garden; when suddenly as I was going very fast down the jessamine walk, I saw this poor little Dicky stretched out on the gravel, as if it was dead; I took it up, and kissed its head, but it would not open its eyes, so I carried it in to mamma, and her warm hand soon did it a great deal of good."

"Yes, my dear little girl," said the old lady, patting the sweet child upon the head, "and it will ever be a lesson to you, for if you had disobeyed your mamma's wishes, this poor little Canary would certainly have died; now I hope to find means to recover it." So saying, Mrs. Worthy placed me in a nice soft nest in a pretty little cage, and although still in

very great pain, I cannot tell you, my dear little friends, how happy I felt at finding myself once more under the care of such good people. My kind nurse then fed me with some biscuit steeped in water, which refreshed me exceedingly, and laying my head down on the edge of the nest, I soon fell fast asleep. When I awoke in the morning, little Rosa was already by the side of the cage; I felt much stronger and better, but still could not move out of the nest, so she kindly fed me with a feather, and you can have no idea of her delight, when she saw me swallow the food she offered. She brought her kind mamma down to see me, and when her lessons were finished, established herself, Miss Dolly in her arms, upon a footstool quite close to my cage. For a very long time I remained in the same helpless state, and was daily treated with the same attention; till at last my wing being quite recovered, I was able to fly about, and to perch on my kind mistress's finger, who soon took me up into her own little room, which was henceforth to be my abode. Dear Rosa! how I loved her! she was so sprightly, and at the same time so very kind and attentive to every one about her; during the four years that I was an inmate of her house, I can safely say that I never once saw her out of humour,

or any thing but obliging and amiable. How often have I wished that all little boys and girls would behave like her; they would then be happy and contented, beloved by their parents, and by all who know them. The months flew on so rapidly, that I could hardly believe I had been with my young mistress more than a year; but it was nevertheless quite true; and daily we became more attached to each other. I used to perch upon her finger while she ran round the garden, and she never more had to complain of her solitary walks, for I seldom left her side; and though she sometimes placed me upon a rose bush, I never felt at all inclined to fly away and leave her. The only rival I had in her affections was her large wax doll, of which she certainly was very fond; and when I thought she was giving too much of her time to a senseless thing without life or feeling, I would perch upon her shoulder, and begin one of my favourite airs, of which she was very fond. "Ah! Dicky," she would then say, "you are jealous, are you? How can you be such a silly bird?" and she would stroke down my feathers and kiss me tenderly.

The misfortunes and miseries I had undergone had nearly cured me of all my faults; but a dreadful one still remained. I had often had a very great

desire to eat some beautiful white butter that was placed in a large saucer on Mrs. Worthy's table; but little Rosa in the good advice she used to give her doll, said so much about the sin of stealing, that for some time I resisted the temptation. One unlucky day, however, I was left alone in the room with this butter, and thinking nobody could see what I was doing, I eat a great quantity of it. Soon, however, I felt so ill that, unable to stand, I hopped into my cage, and lay at the bottom with my eyes shut. On her return to her room, Mrs. Worthy surprised at not seeing me about as usual, went to look for me. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "you naughty bird, you have been eating my butter! you deserve your illness for having taken what does not belong to you; in a few days you will bitterly repent of what you have been doing in my absence." So saying she shut my cage door and left me; and I am sorry to add that her predictions came but too true, for a few days after, to Rosa's great grief, several of my new feathers came off, which greatly distressed me: and I afterwards learned that it is often the case with us after eating butter.

Nothing worth naming happened for the next three years, excepting that my yonng mistress daily

grew in beauty and goodness, and that all my plumage was retsored to its former bright colour. And now, my dear little readers, I can hardly go on with my melancholy tale; my pen can with difficulty trace the sorrows I am about to relate: but alas! it must be done, so I will proceed, though with great reluctance. When my dear little mistress was about twelve years old, she caught a violent cold, and was for some days confined to her bed. When she had partly recovered of it, she was so thin and weak that I could hardly bear to look at her. Notwithstanding the unceasing cares of her mother, who quite adored her only child, Rosa daily grew paler and paler: the physicians looked grave and shook their heads; and I was greatly alarmed by seeing poor old Mrs. Worthy frequently weeping bitterly, as she left my mistress's room. At length she was confined to her bed, and I was not permitted to see her for several days. You cannot think what agonies I felt in thus being separated from her. My once happy home appeared to me no longer the same, for her society was wanting to ~~relieve~~ enliven it. At length one morning I escaped, and eagerly flew into Rosa's room, and perched upon her pillow. Alas! alas! how changed, how sadly changed was she from what

I had seen her but a short week before. Her eyes were closed, and her pale face, once so blooming, had now lost all its accustomed colour and animation. Her mother, with her face buried in her hands, sat by her side; and an old nurse, who had always lived with the family, was weeping at the foot of the bed. I thought I would try if my voice could recal my beloved mistress's fleeting spirit, and I softly sang her favourite air. At the sound, she gently opened her eyes, and called me to her. "Dicky," she said, as I laid my head on her wan cheek, "you will sing on when I am dead; but do not quite forget poor Rosa," she continued, tenderly kissing me; and then as if overcome by the exertion, she closed her eyes to open them no more in this world!

I connot describe to you my agonies, and those of the whole family at thus losing their idolized young mistress. As for myself, I almost pined to death with grief; and dear Rosa's mother, as I understood from Mrs. Worthy, had a very severe illness, from which she recovered very slowly.

In the midst of all this sorrow I was quite neglected; alone in that room where I had spent so many happy hours, I wept my beloved mistress, and mournfully bewailed her loss. Every thing once so smiling,

now looked dismal and dark: her work, her books, lay as she had left them the day she was taken ill; a drawing book was open on the table, and in it was an unfinished sketch of myself; a bunch of flowers, once blooming, lay upon the table; alas! they now were the emblems of her who had gathered them, for their beauty was gone; like her they were dead!

My only wish now was to leave a place where every object recalled my dear mistress to my remembrance; but for several weeks the only person I ever saw, was the maid who came every morning to feed me. At length she one day to my great joy took down my cage, and carried me away with her to Mrs. Worthy's room. That good lady, to my infinite surprise, I found with her bonnet and cloak on awaiting my arrival.

"Poor Dicky!" said she, as she took me out of my cage and tenderly kissed me, "how sorry would my young mistress be, could she know you were no longer to stay here. Poor little bird! I would willingly have kept you for her sake; but," she continued, turning to dear Rosa's old nurse, who sat by the fire, "my Lady cannot now bear the sight of Dicky, or even the sound of his voice." When she had finished this speech, Mrs. Worthy replaced me in my

cage, and telling one of the footmen to carry it, she proceeded to leave the house. Her words had affected me exceedingly, for though poor Rosa's room always recalled her loss, still I was very unhappy at the thought of leaving for ever a house, where, for four years, I had been so much beloved, and treated with such extreme kindness. The servant carried me after Mrs. Worthy along several lanes, till at last we arrived at a house where I heard her ask if the coach was arrived; and on a man's answering her in the negative, she took my cage, and placing it upon a chair, entered into conversation with a nice old woman, whom I soon discoverd to be the mistress of the Inn. To her she related that Rosa's mother, unable any longer to live in the house where she had lost her only child, was going to quit Mimosa Park, and that Mrs. Worthy was then on her way to London, to arrange her town house for her reception. "And are you going to take pretty Dicky with you?" said Mrs. Bustle. "No," replied the housekeeper, my mistress can no longer bear to see him, (Miss Rosa, dear child, was so very fond of him) so she is sending him up with me as a present to her sister." I was a little consoled at hearing that I was going to stay with Rosa's aunt, as I had no doubt but she

would be a most charming kind person, quite like my dear old mistress. Soon after a carriage, with four horses, which I understood to be the vehicle in which we were to travel, drove up to the door; but on Mrs. Worthy's speaking to the coachman, she was very much annoyed to find, there was no place to be had inside, and she was consequently obliged to seat herself on the top of the coach, as she was forced to be in London that day.

As soon as she had comfortably arranged herself, I was handed up to her; and Oh! my little readers, I cannot tell you how astonished I was at seeing the four great horses fastened to the carriage, and all the people getting in; after which a man in a red coat made a most frightful noise with a long tube, which he put into his mouth, and we drove off; but my affright was so great, that at the first motion of the carriage I tumbled off my perch to the bottom of the cage. After a few moments, however, I recovered from my fears, and finding that we went along very smoothly, and that there was no danger, I returned to my perch, and was very much amused by looking at all the fields as we passed, and at the cows and sheep grazing in the meadows. But what surprised me most was the great speed at which we went: I

do not think I could have flown near so fast; and every now and then the coachman made a noise with his long whip, which greatly alarmed me, and sometimes the end of it struck my cage, and made me almost tremble with fear. We passed through several very large towns during our journey, and I looked with astonishment at the beautiful shops, and the smart ladies who were walking about the streets. When we arrived at Mrs. Manners' house, (for that was the name of my new mistress) I was instantly carried up stairs and placed upon a table in a room, where was a large cockatoo chained to a pole, a grey parrot, and to my inexpressible horror three large angola cats, (one of which had six kittens) all comfortably reposing on the hearth rug. On the door being opened, the cockatoo began to scream, the parrot to chatter, and all the cats to mew, which I can assure you my dear readers formed a concert not the most harmonious.

Mrs. Manners was an elderly lady, very fat and good natured, who always wore spectacles, and walked about with an ebony cane tipped with gold. She was quite charmed when she saw me; and had not I long since learned by experience what a worthless thing beauty is, I might perhaps have been very vain

of all the compliments she made me, and of the beautiful bright new cage in which she ordered me to be placed. But though it was so handsome, I would willingly have changed it for the wicker one in little Jane's cottage; for I soon discovered that though my mistress was very fond of me, and treated me with great kindness, her other pets jealous of the attentions she paid me, hated and detested the new favourite, and did all they could to tease me. The cockatoo, when I was flying about the room would try to seize me in his enormous beak, while the cats and kittens would scamper after me wherever I went over the tables and chairs, overturning the ink, flower pots, and every thing upon the carpet. Mrs. Manners, on hearing the uproar, would come with her ebony stick, and beating my enemies all round, would take me up to save me from their clutches; but the moment she left the room, all my persecutions would instantly recommence with greater fury than ever. I wonder the Old Lady would keep such disagreeable pets, for they were always tormenting her. If a friend called, the grey parrot would repeat "How d'ye do" for a quarter of an hour together, while at other times if she wanted him to talk he wouldbe quite silent. Then the tiresome kittens, if she turned her

head one single moment, always ran away with her balls of worsted, and knitting needles, and rolling them under the tables would spoil all her work.

But my greatest enemy, was the maid who fed me, and who cordially hated me and my companions; but I, from being the quietest, received all the ill usage that she dared not bestow on the cats for fear of their claws, or on the parrots from an equal dread of their beaks. She took every opportunity she could find of teasing me, and I was often nearly starved to death; once in particular this cruel woman left me a whole day and night with nothing to eat, so that when my mistress came to pay me a visit the following morning, I was nearly expiring. Oh! my dear little readers, never shall I forget the agonies I suffered during those four and twenty hours; not all the tortures inflicted upon me by the cruel little Tommy, could at all compare with them; think then how much greater must be the sufferings of human beings, who have nothing to live upon, but the nettles which grow by the way side; while their wretched children cling around their weeping parents, and eagerly demand something to satisfy their hunger. Let this picture of distress, which is, alas! but too true, engage your attention, and do not refuse your assistance (however

small it may be) to your famishing fellow-creatures, who now supplicate your aid and support in a moment of deep distress and almost unparalleled misery.

But to return to my story. Mrs. Manners, when I had been with her about six months, went to pass some time in the country, taking with her all her pets excepting myself, who was left to the care of the maid; and I must own I trembled when I found myself alone with my persecutor. She however proved much more compassionate than I expected, and I have since had to bless the day on which I was left to her care; for hardly had my mistress's carriage driven from the door, than opening my cage she took me in her hand, and throwing up the window set me at liberty, saying, "Fly away Dicky; I only wish I could get rid of all my mistress's pets as easily." You may suppose I was not long in obeying her orders, and spreading my wings, joyfully fluttered to a large flower bed, where I alighted, and merrily sung to acknowledge my delight at my once more regaining my liberty. Experience, however, had taught me that I had not been brought up in a proper manner for enabling me to live out of doors. I therefore determined to take refuge in the first nice-looking house I should meet with. But as it was still morning,

I flew about from flower to flower, amusing myself exceedingly by admiring their different forms and colours. My ignorance and curiosity however led me into very great danger; for having hopped about till I was quite tired, I suddenly perceived a straw house, placed upon a wooden stand, with a little hole by which to enter it. Wishing to know who were its inhabitants, I approached, and perching upon the edge of the stand, peeped in; but no sooner had I thrown one glance around, than to my great affright, I found myself surrounded by hundreds of bees, who all came buzzing around me, and nearly terrified me to death. Finding that the excuses I made for my intrusion were not listened to by these industrious little insects, who undoubtedly supposed I was come there to destroy the fruits of their labours, I spread my wings and flew away; but the bees followed to a great distance, making all the time a most terrible noise. At length fortunately for me, who was almost tired, a beautiful flower-bed attracted their attention, and unable to resist the temptation of adding a little more honey to their winter's stock, they left off pursuing me, and were soon busied in culling sweets from the roses and mignionette, with which the garden abounded.

As soon as all my persecutors had left me, I went to bathe myself in a stone basin of clear water, in which grew a great variety of water plants; hardly, however, had I arranged all my feathers, and begun to consider that a little food would be very agreeable, before I saw a poor little robin red breast pursued by a hawk. No words can express my terror, when this frightened bird came to take refuge near the place where I was perched; and Oh! my little readers, no sooner did this dreadful enemy to our race perceive me, than leaving the robin he darted towards me. As you may suppose I did not stay to consider about what I should do, but instantly flew away as fast as I could, closely followed by the hawk, who at length got so near that he actually pulled some of the feathers out of my back! Driven to despair by this near approach of my enemy, I made one desperate effort, eluded his grasp, and seeing a cottage window open, flew in at it, and tumbled down quite exhausted upon the knee of an old woman who was sitting by the fire. The hawk, unused to enter the habitation of man, did not dare follow, and with a frightful scream departed. The good woman, on whose protection I had thrown myself, seemed quite delighted by my confidence in her kindness, and calling me

pretty Dicky, placed me in a nice wicker cage on her table, and then gave me some food, of which I stood in great need, never having eaten any thing since very early in the morning. Oh! I felt so happy to be once more in safety, that I repaid my new mistress's kindness with a song; which delighted her so much, that laying down her work, she went to a cupboard, and drew out from thence a large lump of sugar, which she gave me. Her little kitchen very much resembled that of Dame Dobson's in neatness and cleanliness. A row of beautiful pewter dishes ornamented the walls, which were nicely white-washed, and the fender shone as bright as if it had been made of silver. But the good woman's greatest pride was a very large white rose tree, planted in a scarlet pot, and placed in the window. When first I took up my abode with her, it was covered with flowers; and I heard her one day tell a friend of her's that it had been given her by Miss Windham, who, when she was at the Castle, used often to pay her a visit.

I soon discovered my new mistress kept a day school for little children in the village; and I used to be very much amused by watching them saying their lessons, while the old woman seated in her arm

chair, listened with the greatest attention and gravity. At length one day my mistress gave all her scholars a holiday, saying that as she was expecting Miss Windham to honour her by drinking tea at her cottage, she would require a little more time than usual to make some particular cakes of which that young Lady was very foud. When the old woman had swept out her kitchen, placed a fresh bouquet of moss roses on her table, and dressed herself in her best gown, she put me (without my cage) on the favourite white rose tree, saying, "Now mind you behave well, and sing to Miss Windham."

Soon after I heard the sound of a carriage, which stopped at our door, and the Young Lady stepped out. From the first moment I saw her, I felt that she must be, what I now know she really is, the most delightful person in England. After she had affectionately kissed my mistress, who I learned had been her nurse, and an old servant in the family, her attention was directed to me. "What a pretty Dicky!" she said, "Oh nurse! where did you find such a dear little bird?" she continued, as I perched upon her finger. The good old woman immediately gave an account of my first entrance into her kitchen, when pursued by the hawk, ending by saying, that as

her dear Laura admired me so much, she hoped she would do her the honour to accept me. Miss Windham hesitated for some time fearing, as she said, that the good dame would feel lonely without her bird; but finally she consented to take me, and in the evening I was placed in the carriage with her, and we drove to Windham Castle. When we arrived there, dear Laura ran up stairs to present me to her mamma, saying I should be a very good companion to her Bobby, who was always so melancholy by himself. Judge, my dear little readers, of my joy and astonishment, when on being introduced to Mr. Bobby, I immediately discovered him to be my brother, whom in my youthful days I had treated with so much cruelty.

Oh! how happy we both were at again meeting after a separation of seven years! and what long histories we had to relate of the events that had passed during that time.

And now, my dear readers, I will close these few pages by begging for your kind indulgence towards a book which would certainly never have been written, but for the great distress in Ireland, which I heard Laura's father talking to her about last week. Such horrible accounts of starvation made

me quite melancholy, for I too have felt what it is to be hungry ; and when I saw Laura send a guinea, with which she had intended to buy a beautiful drawing book, to the Committee for the relief of the Irish, I said to my brother, "Can I do nothing? here are we eating as much as we like, while human beings are living on nettles, or perhaps expiring for want of food." No, no; I too will sit down and endeavour to earn a few Shillings by giving to the world "THE MEMOIRS OF DICKY."

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